Edward C. Mussinger

A

DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED

BEFORE THE MEMBERS

OF THE

BOSTON FEMALE ASYLUM.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1806.

BEING THEIR SIXTH ANNIVERSARY.

.....

By THOMAS BALDWIN, D. D.
MINISTER OF THE SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH IN BOSTON.

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1806.

DISCOURSE.

VOTE OF THANKS.

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AT a Meeting of the Managers of "*The Boston Female Asylum*," held on the evening of the 26th Sept. 1806, it was voted, that the thanks of this Society be addressed to the Rev. Dr. BALDWIN, for the Discourse delivered by him before the Members of the Institution, on its Sixth Anniversary; and that Mrs. STILLMAN and Mrs. WHITWELL, be a Committee to wait on him, with the request of a copy, for the press.

By Order,

E. FROTHINGHAM, Sec'y.

.....

TO THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE BOSTON FEMALE ASYLUM.

LADIES,

IF the publication of the Discourse, delivered before your Society yesterday, will conduce to the pleasure of those who heard it, or tend, in the smallest degree, to promote the benevolent design of the institution, I shall most cheerfully submit the copy to your disposal. And subscribe, with sentiments of respect, your humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Boston, Sept. 27, 1806.

A DISCOURSE.

JEREMIAH, XLIX, 11.

LEAVE THY FATHERLESS CHILDREN, I WILL PRESERVE THEM ALIVE.

THE life of man exhibits a scene, infinitely diversified. It is made up of joys, and sorrows; of gratification, and disappointment; of pleasures, and pains.

However variant the opinions of men respecting some subjects, there are a few articles in which they are all agreed. To be, and to be happy, is the universal wish of all.

Men indeed set out in life with very different prospects, and travel in different directions; but if you investigate the object of their eager pursuit, you will find it to be happiness.

The God of nature, at first formed man in his own lovely image: And notwithstanding his beauty is greatly obliterated by the fall, he still possesses those tender sympathies which eminently qualify him for the endearing relations of society.

In this social state, individual happiness stands connected with a thousand surrounding objects. And a person who is not a stranger to the finest and best feelings of the human heart, will never think himself blest, but in proportion to the exertions he makes for the happiness of others.

This sentiment is forcibly expressed by St. Paul, when urging the duty of benevolence upon the Elders of Ephesus. "I have shewed you (saith he) all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak; and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, *It is more blessed to give than to receive.*" The poor and needy certainly consider themselves blest, when but a few of their pressing wants are relieved; but how doubly blest is he, who enjoys the satisfaction of administering this relief. There is a kind of dignified blessedness in giving, which the depressed circumstances of the receiver preclude him from enjoying. But if both the giver, and the receiver of favours are blessed, it serves to remove the darkness which seemed to involve those trying dispensations of Divine Providence, respecting the poor and necessitous.

Whatever happiness is contemplated in retirement and solitude, it is evident, that a large proportion of our pleasures, as well as our pains, arise from our social connections. Hence it can never be supposed, that the *cloistered Monk*,

can feel that generous pity which throbs through the tender heart of the philanthropist, at the sight of human wo! Much less can he partake in those elevated pleasures which swell the soul, while contriving schemes to alleviate distress, and cheer the heart of despondency. No; let him boast of his abstinance; of his mortifications; of his abstractedness from the world; of his rapturous contemplations, and self-wrought piety! To have snatched a single orphan from the borders of ruin, and have placed it in circumstances of comfort; would probably have rendered a more essential service to humanity, than all the wild reveries produced by his sublime speculations.

Among the various objects which excite commisseration, and call into exercise the tenderest feelings of the heart, none have a fairer, or more impressive claim than the Orphan. If, in many other instances, the recollection of indolence, extravagance, or vice, should congeal the stream of charity towards some unworthy object; in the case of the Orphan, these can have no influence.

What our blessed Lord said with respect to the man that was born blind, may in many instances be said with respect to these little sufferers. *Neither they, nor their parents, did sin*, as the particular cause of their present condition: But that the goodness of God might be manifested, in preserving them alive. No fault

of theirs: Probably no fault of their parents; but by the ordinary course of events which take place under the moral government of an all-perfect Being, whose ways are judgment and truth; they are left *fatherless*, and *Orphans*.

Though deprived of their earthly parents, our heavenly Father has not left them without some special tokens of his paternal care. For in him the fatherless findeth mercy. Exposed as they are to innumerable dangers, yet God *preserveth them alive*.

In attempting a further illustration of the text, we shall briefly consider some of the special interpositions of Divine Providence in behalf of fatherless children.

In that code, which Moses established for the government of the Commonwealth of Israel, the rights of the widow and the fatherless are particularly guarded, and the most awful penalties threatened to those who should dare to violate them. "Ye shall not, said the Lord by Moses, afflict any widow, or *fatherless* child. If thou afflict them in anywise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry; and my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword, and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless."* It was also mercifully provided, that in gathering in their harvest they should not go back after the forgotten sheaf, it was to be left for the stranger, the fatherless,

* Exodus xxii, 22, 24.

and the widow. The same provision was made with respect to their Olive-trees and their Vineyards.*

At a period less enlightened than the present, when men determined the moral character of those around them, by external events, we find Eliphaz most severely censuring his friend Job. He saw the billows of adversity breaking over him, and hence concluded that his pretended piety was mere hypocritical dissimulation, and proceeded to charge him with a total want of justice and humanity. "Thou hast not, said he, given water to the weary to drink, and thou hast withholden bread from the hungry. Thou hast sent widows empty away, and the arms of the *fatherless* have been broken. Therefore snares are round about thee, and sudden fear troubleth thee." Had these charges been true, the conviction would have been irresistible. But conscious of his innocency, Job saw the arrows that were hurled at him fall pointless at his feet. It was indeed a day of adversity, but the envious clouds which had long hung over this good man's head, at length seemed to give way. Rising from this depressure of spirit, and assuming a holy confidence, he asserted his once happy and prosperous condition. Then said he, "when the ear heard me then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me." On what account Job

* Deuteronomy xxiv, 19, 21.

was this attention paid you?" Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the *fatherless*, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."* Happy man! May thy heart never reproach thee.

Job not only considered it as the height of impiety to wrong the widow and fatherless, but that he was also bound by the ties of humanity and religion, to impart of the good things which God had given him, to their comfort and support. Hence we find him in a subsequent chapter, under a solemn sense of his accountability to God, appealing to his past conduct towards the poor and needy, in order to justify himself against the cruel charges of his accusers. "If, said he, I have withheld the poor from his desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail, or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the *fatherless* hath not eaten thereof; if I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering; if his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep. If I have lifted up my hand against the *fatherless*, when I saw my help in the gate; then let mine arm fall from my shoulderblade, and let my arm be broken from the bone."† How sweet and comforting is self-approbation.

The wise son of David has given his tes-

* Job, xxix, 12, 13. † Job xxxi, 16, 17, 19, 22.

timony in the most unequivocal manner with respect to that protection which Heaven affords to the helpless Orphan. "Remove not, saith he, the antient landmark, (because their father is not alive to tell where it once stood) and enter not into the fields of the fatherless: For their Redeemer is mighty, he shall plead their cause with thee."* Whoever attempts to wrong the fatherless, will have to contest the point with the Redeemer of men; and to settle the controversy with the final Judge of the world.

Yes, the Great Redeemer, when he comes robed in judgment, will avenge their wrongs.

Nor has the Religion of the Gospel left the fatherless unprovided for. They are not only included generally among the poor that we have always with us, and to whom we may do good when we will, but they are expressly mentioned, as having a claim upon our charity.—"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, *To visit the fatherless and widows, in their affliction*, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Can a person possess pure religion and be void of compassion to the fatherless, and have no pity upon the Orphan? 'Tis impossible!—At least we may ask, *How dwelleth the love of God in such an heart?*

The sacred Scriptures not only furnish these, and other proofs of a similar nature in de-

* Proverbs xxiii, 10, 11.

fence of the rights of the fatherless; but they also record several instances of the special interposition of Heaven, towards children of this description: "When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord shall take me up," was the prophetic language of David. This was remarkably exemplified in the history of Moses. It is true he was not in a strict sense an Orphan. But by an unnatural edict, past by the tyrannical Court of Egypt, he was deprived of that parental attention which his tender age required, almost as effectually as if his parents had been dead. His mother indeed found means to conceal him until he was three months old, but could not longer consistently with her own safety. Pharoah had ordered every mail child that was found among the Hebrews to be thrown into the river. The mother of Moses therefore contrived a little vessel of bulrushes, and after securing it in the best manner she could, committed her babe to it, and had it placed among the flags on the margin of the Nile.

Think a moment my dear friends; reflect ye tender parents on the situation of this little adventurer! An infant of three months old exposed on the waters of the faithless Nile. It is true his sister was placed at some distance, to see what would become of him; but the slightest breeze might have soon carried his little bark beyond the ken of observation! Had the sleeping waves been permitted to have stirred, it had been instantly swallowed up! Or had the mon-

sters which inhabit the bed of the river, opened their voracious jaws, or but even frisked their forked tails, the basket, and its precious contents had been in the utmost jeopardy! But thanks to his preserving God, this vessel was insured in Heaven. The decree had passed: "*I will preserve him alive!*" To borrow the imagery of Hunter, Moses was then as safe among the flags, as when he was King in Jeshurun, surrounded by the thousands of Israel! Moses was as safe when in his bulrush ark, as in the Mount with God! Moses was as safe when floating at random over the waters of the Nile, as he is now within the adamantine walls of the New Jerusalem. But who can describe the mixed emotions of grief and joy, which must have agitated the breast of the pious mother? How exquisite must her sensations have been, while preparing this floating cradle, and resigning her lovely Babe to be rocked by the rude billows! What dreadful forebodings of danger! What fearful anticipations of distress, must have wrung her tender soul! *But it is good that we should both hope, and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.** If Heaven determined to save the life of Moses, the means to be employed were easily obtained.

With an intention of bathing, an Egyptian Princess, the daughter of Pharoah, was at this time walking on the river's brink, and happened to espy the little vessel among the flags. She

* Lam. iii, 21.

instantly sent one of her maidens, who drew it from the water, and brought it to her. Anxious as we may suppose, to know the value of her prize, she began to uncover the ark. *And what was her astonishment when she saw the child! And behold the Babe wept!* In an instant her soul was all compassion! Her heart was all tenderness! Indeed a heart must be more than savage, that would not soften at the sight of a weeping infant.

Not the prejudices of national character, nor the stern decree of a tyrant Father, could influence her to abandon the lovely babe. No, she embraced it with an affection, that bears every mark of sincerity: For nothing less could have induced her to have adopted him into the royal family and treated him as her own son. He was nursed wholly at her expence, and his early education conducted under her immediate inspection. Amiable Princess! Thy name shall be mentioned with respect wherever this deed is made known.

Thus did God in this mysterious way, preserve alive a child, whose father and mother were compelled to forsake him. Little did Pharoah's daughter know, that she was nursing up a child that should be the scourge of tyrants, and the deliverer of God's afflicted people. Whose name should be as immortal as time. Yea, that should outlive it; for we are told that those victorious worthies who shall overcome every

foe, and finally stand on the sea of glass with their golden harps, shall *sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb.*— But I must not dwell longer on this pleasing piece of sacred history.

What child was that, which heaven preserved alive by a miracle during the famine in the days of Ahab?—It was a poor fatherless child. The son of an afflicted widow of Sarepta. Such was her poverty and distress, when the Prophet was sent to her, that her only remaining means of subsistance were a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse. She had come to the sad conclusion, to prepare the scanty morsel, and for herself and son to partake of it, and then both to die together. But God had determined not only to preserve his Prophet, but the Child and Mother, alive. The barrel of meal therefore did not waste; nor the cruse of oil fail, during the days of famine.

But this was not the only miracle respecting this fatherless child. It came to pass after these things, that the child fell sick; *and his sickness was so sore that there was no breath left in him.*—The Prophet took the child from his mother's bosom, all pale and lifeless, and carried him up into an upper loft where he abode, and laid him upon his own bed. But what could be done, the child was actually dead? Medical skill would have been urged in vain. Nor could the means prescribed by the art of resuscitation, if attempted, have afforded the least en-

couragement. One method only remained, which in the Prophet's view promised any rational ground of success: And that was to pour forth his soul in supplications to the Father of Spirits. This he instantly did. "And the Lord heard the voice of Elijah, and the soul of the child came into him again, and he revived; and he brought him down and delivered him to his mother, and said, see thy son liveth!" Thus twice by a miracle did God *preserve alive* this fatherless child.

Listen a moment my friends, to the piteous tale of another distressed widow, in behalf of her fatherless children. I mean the woman who cried to the Prophet Elisha.* She seems to have been a widow of some distinction. Her husband was of the sons of the Prophet. But like many others of his brethren in every age, his lot was to be poor. He died insolvent, and left little else to his widow, than his debts and his children. But should any be ready to reply; "would not the application of a prudent economy have enabled her to have brought up her children with decency, as many others have done, without calling upon the Prophet for assistance?" Had the ordinary wants of a young dependant family been all, doubtless she might have struggled with them. But you have not heard the whole story. THE CREDITOR, said she, IS COME! A creditor, who regards not the tears of the widow, nor the cries of the Orphan. The sternness of *Radamanthus*

* 2d Kings, iv.

is depicted in his countenance, and his heart is as cold and unfeeling as the marble. His language is; "pay me that thou owest." This imperious demand, O man of God, must be answered: And for the want of other property, he is determined to take these dear *fatherless children*, my two sons, for bondmen!

This artless, but very affecting narrative, roused all the tender feelings of the Prophet.—What shall I do for thee, exclaimed Elisha.—Tell me, what hast thou in thine house? The little property remaining to the family at this time, was a single *pot of oil!* This, under the Prophet's direction, was miraculously increased to such a quantity, as to enable the woman honourably to discharge the debt, and to supply her with a store for the future use of herself and children. Thus God not only *preserved them alive*, but preserved them from slavery.

We will only mention one instance more, and that shall be taken from the New-Testament; from the history of our blessed Saviour.

The day after Jesus had healed the Centurian's servant, he went to the city of Nain. When he came nigh to the gate, he met a funeral procession, who were bearing away to the land of silence the remains of a young person, cut down in the very morning of life. This lovely youth was an only son.—And his mother was a widow. Afflicted woman! Her distres-

sed looks seemed to say, "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends ; for the hand of God hath touched me." She had before been called to drink of the bitter cup. The dear partner of her life had been taken from her and she left a lonely widow ; and now she must follow her only son to the grave. By this untimely death her brightest expectations were all blasted, and her tallest hopes levelled with the dust. As she trod the dreary path to the mansions of the dead, she reflected ; she wept. And when the Lord saw her he had compassion on her ; and with an inimitable tenderness, said to her, weep not.—And he came and touched the bier, and they that sustained it stood still. When Jesus said to the lifeless clay, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise ! And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak ; and he delivered him alive to his Mother."

In the case before us we have exhibited an instance of the God-like power, and compassionate tenderness of the Lord Jesus. No voice less powerful than that, which shall at the last day, wake the entombed millions, could have re-animated this breathless corpse. And no compassion less than that which said, *leave thy fatherless children, and I will preserve them alive*, would have arrested the triumphs of death, and given back to a weeping mother, her only son.

These few instances which have been thus briefly adduced, sufficiently show the goodness,

truth, and faithfulness of God, pledged to his people in the precious promise in the text.

I call it a precious promise; because it seems particularly calculated for the support of a dying hour. Not a doubt can be entertained, but many have derived unspeakable consolation from it, in that distressing moment, when all the tender solicitudes arising from domestic endearment, were rushing like a torrent upon the trembling, departing soul.

That anxious concern for those dear pledges of their conjugal affection, which the God of nature has implanted in the breast of every parent, clings to the very last. This fond affection can only be subdued by the all-conquering force of the *King of Terrors!*

Would you see this sentiment exemplified, go with your pious Minister in some of his walks among the sick and distressed.

Imagine for a moment, that he is called to visit a dying man. You attend him up the steep winding stairs to some forlorn garret. On entering the apartment, you behold a fellow being struggling with the *last enemy*, and expecting in a few moments to launch from the shores of time, upon the vast untried ocean of eternity. He fixes his eyes upon the dear Servant of Christ, and with all the solicitude of a dying man, thus addresses him: "O sir, I conclude my glass is almost run. I cannot, I think, continue but a few moments longer. Can you speak any words of

comfort to me? I know that I have been a great sinner, but I hope that God has given me repentance: Yet I have many doubts and fears lest I should be deceived. Religion never appeared so important to me as it does now. I have lived, alas, too careless; but cannot die without religion. I would give the world if it were at my command, for an assurance of an interest in Christ. O that I could say in truth, *I know that my Redeemer liveth.* Do sir, pray for me, that God may have mercy upon my poor soul, and grant me his pardoning love, to fit me for my approaching change." Prayers are offered up for him—he faulters apace. At length he attempts again to speak, and thank his friend, and let him know, that he feels more composed. That he is now willing to give himself up into the hands of God his Saviour, and to rely wholly upon his mercy. He is again exhausted—and seems as if he were going without another sigh. But the sobs of surrounding grief, once more arouse him from the stupor of death, and call off his attention, for a moment, from eternal things. He again opens his eyes, and beholds the dear partner of his life standing by him, holding her little Babes by the hand. Undissembled affection flows in her falling tears, and the deep pangs of grief, which no language can describe, heaves her afflicted bosom. The affecting scene arrests the last unbroken fibre which remains about the heart—he faints! at length he revives a litttle, and in faultering accents is

heard to say, "Adieu, my faithful loving mate—my sweet babes, farewell.—Poor things, my heart bleeds for you—but I must leave you.—God of mercy, to thy infinite compassion I commend them. Hast thou not graciously said, *Leave thy fatherless children, and I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me?* Precious words! This promise, is indeed like a cordial to my departing soul. I now die in peace."

We may for a moment appeal to the reflections of this solemn Assembly. Have not some of us lain on the bed of languishment, expecting, in all probability, that we should shortly leave our wives widows, and our children fatherless? What were our feelings in that distressing hour? Were not our children among the objects which most sensibly wrung our hearts? I could leave the world in peace exclaimed a dying mother, if it were not for my poor children. But it breaks my very heart to think, that they must be cast friendless upon the wide world, exposed not only to all the temptations arising from natural propensities, but to all the seductions of art. Ye Powers above protect my innocent *Babes!*

If such are the feelings of parents whenever they think of leaving their children fatherless and Orphans; must it not be acknowledged, that among all the charities, which the liberal soul of the Philanthropist has ever devised, none has a higher claim to public patronage, than the Boston Female Asylum.

What more decided evidence can be given of the improved state of society, than the increase of liberal and charitable institutions?—Tried by this standard, and we believe Boston will not be found second to any city in the United States.

The utility of these institutions has been fully proved, and sanctioned by experience.—But, my brethren, when you look over the long list of public institutions, can you find a charity more disinterested, more active, or more beneficial to the children of distress, than the one whose anniversary we this day celebrate? It is believed, it would not suffer in a fair comparison with any. If it be a virtue to listen to the calls of humanity; to afford relief to the innocent sufferer; to snatch from ruin the child of misfortune; to place in circumstances of comfort the little houseless wanderer; we must conclude that all who are the friends of virtue, must be the friends of this institution.

Philanthrophy, has long since devised means, for the partial relief of bereaved families, of certain descriptions; for preserving the life of the shipwrecked mariner, when thrown upon the inhospitable beach; for assisting such as have been driven by the fury of the conflagrating elments, naked into the streets; but all this while, the feeble cries of the female Orphan, were unheeded. Among the numerous complaints which filled the catalogue of human wo, theirs found no place.

This benevolent work was to distinguish the commencement of the nineteenth century. And the honour of devising the plan, and laying the foundation of this infant, but flourishing, popular institution, was reserved for you, our much respected sisters.

The Ladies composing the Board of Managers, will therefore please to receive our sincere congratulations, for the success which has attended them in the whole of this novel undertaking. No doubts can be entertained, but that under the same enlightened policy which has hitherto directed the concerns of the Society, it will become more eminently and extensively useful. They merit, and they receive, our entire confidence and esteem. We engage them not only our best wishes, but every other assistance in our power, to help them forward in this good work. And though their names should not be engraven on imperishable marble, we trust they will be indelibly impressed on the hearts of these *little Orphans;* and recollected with gratitude, by succeeding generations.

But I had like to have forgotten that some of the Ladies had expressed a modest wish, not to be particularly complimented on the occasion. If I have erred, I am persuaded they will forgive me, when I assure them, that these are the spontaneous effusions of a heart, that sincerely wishes them success. And that this institution which has been founded by their wisdom and

benevolence, may continue to bless the helpless Orphan, to the latest period of time.

The Ladies which compose the Society at large, will receive our unfeigned thanks, for the continuance of their names, and their subscriptions ; together with all their other friendly attentions to the Institution. May they never be weary in well-doing.

Respected Sisters: The speaker begs you to indulge him in one request. Numerous as the Subscribers to this charity already are, it would be highly desirable to have them increased. Will you be so good as to mention to your wealthy friends, what pleasure it affords you, to see these little creatures so neat and so happy ; and just hint to them the satisfaction they might derive, from becoming Subscribers. It is only 300 cents a year ! Less than one cent a day. Who would grudge such a trifling sum, if by giving it, they may be happily instrumental of rescuing from poverty and wretchedness, from ignorance and vice, such dear orphan children, as are left friendless.

The neatness and health of the children of the Asylum, as well as the improvement, they discover in all the branches of instruction allotted them, gives ample proof of the ability and attention of the Governess. Her task though pleasing, must be arduous. May she reap a full reward ; and long enjoy the entire approbation of all the friends of this charity.

God has remarkably *preserved these fatherless children alive.* Out of fifty-four that have been admitted into the Asylum, but two have died since the establishment. It is believed that no section of the town, containing the same number of children, has had so few deaths during the same period. For this remarkable preservation we render praises to the God of our mercies.

Our grateful acknowledgments also are tendered to the Physician,* who has gratuitously attended them for several years past, not only under their frequent, ordinary complaints, but has generously carried them through the Vaccine operation. May the blessing of health, which his exertions have so much contributed to promote among the objects of this charity, be abundantly enjoyed by him and his for years to come.

This respectable audience will permit me, in closing this discourse, to call their attention to the immediate object of the present meeting.

We have already said, that fifty-four children at different periods have been received into the Asylum. Twenty have been removed and placed in respectable families. Thirty-two are now supported by the establishment. Three others are boarded in the Asylum, by the benevolence of particular Ladies; these are waiting to be received, as soon as any vacancies permit.

* Dr. Jackson.

The Subscriptions for four years past, have fallen greatly short of discharging the annual expences. What can be done? Must the number of recipients be reduced? We cannot think of that; for the frequent applications that are made, render it particularly desirable, that the number should be greatly increased. It only requires, my friends, a little exertion, and we shall enable the Managers to meet, without difficulty, these increasing expences.

Several methods might be suggested to aid the funds of the institution. No doubt some gentlemen here present, or perhaps some wealthy widows, have determined to make handsome donations to this institution some time or other. But how often good intentions are delayed until it is too late? Such will permit me to remind them, of that cautionary aphorism of Solomon: Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work nor device—— in the grave whether thou goest.

There are others undoubtedly who intend to become Subscribers;—but have hitherto neglected. I pledge myself, that the Secretary will be gratified at any time to wait on you and receive your names. You need not hesitate—they will be enrolled with honourable company, and I know of no way that you could appropriate the small sum, necessary to make you a member, to better advantage.

But should these methods appear too tar-

dy; another, and perhaps a more eligible one is at hand.—That is, this day to give them a generous contribution. "To day if you hear his voice," saying, *It is more blessed to give than to receive*, "harden not your hearts." I was looking over the Assembly and calculating that there are probably 1500 persons present. Should you give only 50 cents apiece. we should raise for the Society 750 dollars. And should some not feel able to give more than half that sum, we have no doubt but the deficiency will much more than be made up by the wealthy, in that description of Bills, which we count 10 or 20 to the 100. I am sensible that many persons are more governed by the feelings of the moment, in bestowing their charity, than by a sense of duty. If such compose a part of my audience to day, I wish them the same felicity enjoyed by an English gentleman, who, it is said, always acted upon this principle. It is observed that when he attended on charitable occasions, he always furnished his pockets accordingly: Putting small change in one, crowns in another, and gold in a third. If his feelings were but little moved, he would give a few pence only ; if wrought to a higher pitch, a crown or two ; if quite wrought up, frequently a guinea, or more. But on hearing the celebrated Whitefield upon such an occasion, his feelings were so completely carried away with the subject, that he entirely forgot himself, and emptied all his pockets.

The speaker has no pretention to the eloquence of a Whitefield, but he has this advantage in favour of his plea, that the objects for whom he solicits your benificence, are before you. Did you ever see more interesting countenances. You cannot surely refuse to assist them.

These dear little children, whose fathers and mothers are dead, present themselves before you as suppliants, not only for themselves, but for others of the same description. Though silent, they still address you in the impressive language of the Prophet, *We are Orphans and fatherless.*

When your sun is about to set, and the shadows of the evening begin to lengthen over your heads.—When conscience shall demand a solemn retrospect of your past life ; will it not afford you more solid satisfaction, to be able to reflect on having been happily instrumental in snatching from the abodes of vice and wretchedness, one tattered orphan, than the Epicure can derive from all the pleasures of a sinful dissipated life.

To feed the hungry, and clothe the naked : To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, not only affords present satisfaction, but if done from proper motives, will not go unrewarded at the last day.

May God, of his infinite mercy grant, that we may all possess that heavenly *Charity*, which is

connected with *faith* and *hope*, without which, if we should give all our goods to feed the poor, and our bodies to be burned, it would profit us nothing.

May that *Charity*, which *never faileth*, be the happy portion of us all. Grant it, O Father, for the great Redeemer's sake.—AMEN.